

## **1 - A Trashmouth Nightmare Come True by DeTrashmouth**

**Category:** It

**Genre:** Horror, Humor

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Richie T.

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2019-10-06 23:10:56

**Updated:** 2019-10-06 23:10:56

**Packaged:** 2019-12-12 01:26:53

**Rating:** M

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 4,523

**Publisher:** [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

**Summary:** Part 1 in the 7-part "The Tragic Tale of Trashmouth Tozier" series; We begin in 1989, when Richie has an encounter with Pennywise, taking on the form of an 80's horror villain icon.

# 1 - A Trashmouth Nightmare Come True

## A Trashmouth Nightmare Come True - '89"

*The slender blonde left her boyfriend asleep in her mother's bed, as she could have sworn she'd heard a distant voice calling out her name from the window, and outside in the dark of the night.*

*"Tina..."*

*When she approached the window, what appeared to be a sharp human tooth had been thrown at the glass, sticking into it.*

*"Who do you think you are? Whoever you are..." she spoke quietly, to herself. What brought her to do what she did next, she didn't know. It felt just like the nightmares she'd been having for the past two nights. Tina walked downstairs, wearing nothing but her loosely buttoned shirt as she made her way outside, into her backyard to investigate the strange noises.*

*"Is somebody there?" She called out.*

*"Tina!" The voice whispered as a hiss. As if drawn to the call, Tina dared herself to walk out into the yard as the voice called her name again. This time more viciously than before.*

*". TINA!" She jumped, just about out of her skin.*

*"Who the hell is that!?" Tired of this nightmare, sick of the fear, she braced herself as she pushed onward, walking out of her yard and into the alleyway, stepping slowly in her steps, barefoot and feeling the damp, slick gravel of the road below. Just then, she stray garbage can lid rolled toward her, causing her to whip around, startled to see that's all it was. the lid crashed to the ground, and for a moment, she sighed with relief... But it was merely a ploy, a trick from the ultimate mischief maker. His hatted head grew as a shadow on the shed at the end of the alley, and with it came his morbid cackle. Tina gasped as she turned again, and this time she saw him, the dream demon, the man from her nightmares. His crooked brown fedora that looked black in the night. His charred flesh of a face, which even in the darkness she could see barred the sinister grin of a monster. His creepy red and green sweater in the pattern of stripes.*

*"Tina..." the man's voice crept through his rotten teeth.*

*"Oh SHIT-"Her fear was what he wanted. Freddy, he fed on the fear. He loved that shit, seeing his victims tremble in terror before he swooped in to make the kill. This mother fucker was as sadistic as he was masochistic. His arms extended supernaturally as he reached outward, blocking the alley and his razor glove grazed the metal fence beside him, creating a*

*horrible screeching sound as sparks ignited from the scratching of the blades. Tina's panic only made him giggle like a crazy hyena that much more.*

*"Please, God..." Tina breathed, shakily.*

*"This," Freddy held up his weapon next to his mutilated face, finally in enough light for her to get more of a look at the disfigured fuck than she ever would have needed. "... is GOD!"*

*Fuck this. Tina turned and ran, screaming for her life, as Freddy... Now, being portrayed by a wobbly and very bad stunt double, gave chase. Only for Tina to run right into the REAL Freddy, played to perfection by the one and only Robert Englund, of course! The music kicked in to create a chase scene that was damn well near panic inducing. There was no way for her to escape him now. Freddy was a monster even when he was mortal. But now he was something much, much worse.*

And this was it, the moment that started it all. His first kill as the infamous night stalker, which to date, would go on to spawn four sequels...

The 5th movie would be out this August, and the previews for it looked alright. The 2nd one was tacky as hell, but the 3rd and 4th were pretty cool, so he figured the 5th one would be at least watchable, as well. He had seen the first of the series multiple times, though. It was by far his favorite, with part 3 being a close second. But as many times as his parents had told his ass not to watch 'those damn horror pictures,' especially before going to bed... And, well, since when exactly was Richie known for following the rules? Mhm, dats wight wabbit!

Maggie and Wentworth Tozier had left earlier that night to go visit some relatives in Bangor, and it had pretty much been a mutual decision not to bring Richie along. Well, amongst themselves. They had vaguely mentioned the three day weekend, and then just left a note on the fridge informing Richie that he'd be looking after himself, not to burn the house down, and a \$20 bill for pizza.

Richie hadn't really been up to much in the last week, after the Losers' club decided to call it quits when a trip to that creepy old Neibolt house nearly resulted in them getting killed. Ben had gotten clawed by Pennywise, his stomach was now marked by multiple scars. Eddie was left with a broken arm from the ordeal, and now

Richie was only really speaking to Stan the Man. His Bar Mitzvah was coming up soon, and he'd told Rich that he was the only one of them who was invited to it. Not that Richie could blame him, Bill had become obsessed with that fucking clown. It was all just too much for him, it was too much for most of the others as well. Whatever, fuck it anyway.

When he got to the kitchen he found the note. At first he just grabbed a soda and totally missed it, but then he paused, did a double take (the money catching his eye first. Even with bad eyesight and a pair of damaged specs, he could still see the green) and snatched it off the fridge.

"Fuck yeah!" He'd shouted, and immediately ran up to his to gaze at one of the Gem magazines he'd successfully stolen from his dad's sock drawer a few weeks prior. All but three minutes later, he was back downstairs and bored as hell. So, he decided to pop in one of his favorite videos: A Nightmare On Elm Street.

Lounging around in a t-shirt and his tightie-whities, like any self-respecting thirteen year old would when he has the place all to himself. Richie found himself kicked back on the sofa as he pulled the phone up, ordering himself a large-ass pizza, with Tina screaming bloody murder in the background, and her boyfriend Rod watching in horror as she was being dragged up the walls, and Richie was sure that made the pizza guy on the phone feel a bit creeped out, and was delightfully hilarious to him.

The pizza arrived around the time when Johnny Depp was being pulled into his bed, and Richie had tried to argue with the delivery guy that he was late by two minutes, so it should be free. He denied Richie the victory, and though the charge was only for 16 dollars, the guy took the whole twenty and walked away.

"Hey! That wasn't your tip! I want change, asshole!" Richie called out, but the guy just gave him the finger and walked back to his car.

"Oh, fuck you too, dude!" Richie returned the gesture and kicked the door shut with his foot, insuring it closed by inching it shut with his bum-bum.

He hopped back on the couch and began to gorge on the pepperoni and sausage pizza with extra cheese until he was stuffed and the movie had ended. Once again, he found himself bored as shit.

Richie whist away back to the fridge to put his leftovers away, when a single bottle of beer belonging to his father caught his eye

*...Dare he?*

A devious smirk appeared on his face, and he thought to himself, 'Damn straight.'

With that, he snatched it. Took him damn well five minutes to twist the lid off, and then he took a huge swig, so big of one that the foam the beer began spilling out and erupting from his mouth like a goddamn geyser.

"Whoa!" Richie laughed as he choked, and took another swig of it, prompting him to belch so loudly it echoed through the entire house. "Ahhh.. yeeeah... That's good beer."

He swigged it again. In truth, the beer tasted like total shit, but it made him feel more ...manly or some shit. Yet, he managed to get drunk off his sorry little ass after only four swigs and twenty minutes later. In that time, he had taken to changing into a new shirt, since he'd spilled a good amount of beer on his other (and it already had pizza sauce stains on it, anyway.)

The night had grown dark, Richie was tipsy as fuck and looking for fun. This led him to trade out his glasses for a pair of shades, and click the families cheap stereo on, that actually had some decent volume when turned up to the maximum.

dunDUNdunDUNdunDUNdun.....

The piano chords of the selected song rung all through the house.

dunDUNdunDUNdunDUNdun.....

*Just take those old records off the shelf!  
I'll sit and listen to 'em by myself!  
Today's music ain't got the same soul...*

*I like that old time rock 'n' roll!*

*Don't try to take me to a disco!*

*You'll never even get me out on the floor...*

*In ten minutes I'll be late for the door...*

*I like that old time rock'n' roll!*

Richie Tozier, that damn Trashmouth slid into his living room, with the collar of his shirt popped up as spun around, lip syncing to the words of 'Old Time Rock and Roll' by Bob Seger, much the way he had seen in an older movie. Fuck it, why not?

After dancing around his living room and looking like a total asshole, the stereo crapped out on him. In fact, all the lights in the house went out and Richie let out a sudden scream that even a skirt like 'Beaverly Marshmallow' would have called 'girly as hell.' Fuck her anyway. Who invited Molly Ringwald into the group? Richie stood frozen for a few moments, like he'd been caught doing something he wasn't supposed to, and tried to settle the quick panic attack that had overtaken him and sobered him the fuck up in an instant.

Maybe the power just went out from the storm? Oh, wait, there was no storm... Probably a blown fuse, or something. He'd had his own fuse blown before, so he knew how that went. Well, okay, no he didn't. He was still as big of a virgin in every way, just as the rest of the boys at his school were, but, still...

"Shit... I ain't afraid'a no ghost.." He said to himself.

Just as he decided to pull some pants on, the lights all surprisingly came back on. Whew... Sweet fucking Christ. He'd then figured he would just take it easy for the remainder of the night. Sometimes, being home alone could be a tad bit frightening. During the day it was no big deal, but at night? For three days straight? This could get tiresome after awhile.

Richie sighed and plopped down on the couch again, figuring maybe it was time to put the horror flicks away for awhile and watch something more upbeat and comedic instead, so he settled on Caddyshack. However, he didn't find himself as amused by it as usual. Even the infamous 'Doody' scene at the pool didn't do anything

for him. He was just too damn tense.

He pulled the phone up again and not really wanting to deal with Stan at this hour, he decided to dial Eds' number, hoping to hell his mom wouldn't answer. But she did. Of course she did.

"Kaspbrak residence," she groaned into the phone.

"Hey, Mrs. K, it's Richard Tozier. I was just wondering if I could talk to Eddie real quick-" "No," she grumbled. "It's late, my Eddie is in bed. He needs his rest, you know." "Yeah, I know.. How about just for a minute? It's about school..."

FUCK! Lamest. Excuse. Ever. If she was half as smart as he thought she may have been, which was still pretty damn dim, she'd at least know that school had only been out two fucking months. "I mean, summer school. Which, I'm totally in. And, you know, Eddie is so smart, and all," he tried not to chuckle into the phone. "I just had a math question."

"Oh? Which part?" Sonia asked, curiously.

"Uh... The math part?" Well, smooth cover-up. If any of Eddie's friends would have ended up in summer school, Sonia Kaspbrak would have figured it to be the gangly kid.

"I suppose..." she sighed. "Just for a moment, though."

"Thanks," Richie mouthed some silent choice words at the phone, as well as giving it a certain finger, as he waited for Eds to answer the phone.

"Hello..?" Eddie sudden spoke softly into the phone.

"Hey, ass-wipe," Richie grinned.

"Oh great, what do you want?" Eddie groaned.

"Ah, I was just, you know, sittin' here, takin' crap, thinkin'boutcha."

"EWW, don't call me when you're in the bathroom, dude!" Eddie shrieked

"Don't piss your granny panties, turd burglar! I'm kidding. I'm on my couch, and I only ever shit on this thing like, twice when I was sick last year."

"Hardy har har.." Eddie sounded like he grounded again. "Anyway, I got the place to myself, so I'm just hangin' around, bored." "I'm surprised you're not ...."

"Not what?"

"Nevermind."

"Tickling my pickle?" Eddie sighed, loudly.

"No."

"Already did, to your mom." The both of them paused for a second, and then Richie realized just what he'd said. This joke backfired miserably, and they both were suddenly disgusted. "Actually no, no I didn't ... Anyway, wanna come over?" Richie asked nonchalantly.

"As if," Eddie said. "You know my mom wouldn't let me out this late."

"So? Tell her you're going to bed then just sneak out the window, dude."

"I could fall and break my neck or something! I've already got a broken arm!"

"What, are you like, allergic to having fun just like everything else?" Richie teased.

"No! I just .. I can't okay?"

"Puuuuuuussaaayy!"

"Your face and my butt, trashmouth."

"Oh is that your fuckin' fantasy, you wet-end?" Richie laughed, Eddie, not so much.

"Well I'm doing a horror movie marathon, and-" That's when Richie



heard an all-too-familiar sound, like knives on a metal fence coming from outside his house. Like a quick screech, something sharp scratching against metal, following a creepy sounding cackle...

"What the hell was that?" Eddie hissed quietly into the phone.

"Uhh- nothing. Actually, hey, Eds, I gotta go. Catch ya on the flipside, schlong-breath. Kiss your mommy goodnight for me, ha ha...ha.." Richie laughed, but there was something different in his voice. It sounded trembly and forced, like something was obviously wrong that he was just trying to laugh off. But before Eddie could get curious and ask, he hung the phone up and slowly stood up from his place sitting on the couch.

Richie carefully approached the kitchen and peered out the window, into his backyard. Somehow, even though he had seen his yard at night many times, it looked way, way darker than ever before.

"...Hello?" Richie asked quietly.

There was another sudden screeching sound, which made him jump. And just then, like a scene out of a fucking horror movie, what appeared to be a human tooth was flung at the window.

"No fucking way! Buuuuullshit!" Richie reached for the door handle... But then made sure it was locked, rather than opening it. Just then, the lights flickered out again.

"Nope!" Richie said firmly. "No fucking way I'm going out there. I've seen this movie, I know how the nightmare ends.." And that's when it dawned on him, making him chuckle and facepalm himself. "Wait the fuck a minute... Freddy isn't real. And I'm not even asleep. And, Freddy definitely isn't real... And I'm now talking to myself like some kind of asshole. Awesome, Trashmouth..." he grimaced.

This was all just in his imagination, it had to be, as Stan the Man would say. Movies weren't real, they were just fucking MOVIES! And Richie knew better. He just... had to remind himself of it every now and again. So, to prove he had a set of balls, he unlocked and opened the door, and stepped outside into the night. This was probably a mistake, but he knew it was just his mind playing tricks on him. Just

being alone at night and watching a horror movie. There wasn't actually a tooth stuck in the kitchen window. He hadn't actually heard an eerie screeching noise. And there was no way Freddy was going to be in his backyard. No way. Not likely. Probably not... Hopefully not.

He couldn't lie to himself, he was scared as shit.

Richie made it exactly five steps outside his house when he came to a sudden halt, frozen in place as he heard that terrible screeching sound again. Followed by a creepy cackle, and even worse... The sound of his name being called.

***"Riiiiichieeee...."***

Oh fuck, no!

The screech came again, but this time it sounded less like knives on a metal surface, and more like the squeaky sound you hear when someone runs their fingers over a... Balloon?

Somehow, even in the darkness, Richie could suddenly make out the shape of a brightly colored red balloon, that didn't quite float away from behind a tree, but just sort of lingered there, bobbing back and forth in the air. That's when he saw the eyes, big, bright yellow, almost golden eyes, glowing out from the enormous white head, with bright orange hair surrounding it. Not Freddy Krueger, not a guy whose skin was charred, with a hat nor red and green striped sweater. It was, what appeared to be, a clown. A fucking clown. That fucking clown. They'd always bothered Richie, after a terrifying experience he'd had as an toddler, when one of them jumped out at him during a circus. But now, seeing this one in his backyard, The same one from Neibolt street... The clown that seemed to look at him hungrily, and with a sinister grin that matched it's horrifying cackle of a laughter...

No way. No fucking way.

"Oh god-" Richie began- catching himself uttering a similar phrase from the movie he'd only just watched hours ago. Don't say it... Don't say it... Please don't fucking say it.

**"This..."** The clown spoke lowly, holding up not a razor glove on it's hand, but a terrible claw, with long, jagged, razor-sharp fingernails.  
**"Is GOD!"**

The clown suddenly broke out into a hysterical, rabid, hyena-like laughter and scratched the surface of the balloon, popping it in a loud POP that sounded like a gunshot.

"AAAHH!" Richie screamed, he couldn't do anything else. He was stunned, too terrified to move. This wasn't real, it couldn't be real. It was definitely real. All the shit those other losers had spoken about before they bashed Bowers' head in with a rain of rocks. It was all real. Fuck me.

**"Beep beep, RICHIE!"** The clown called out to him, nastily. Mocking him. Taunting him, sadistically seeming to enjoy the fact that he was shaking in place. Then, the clown let out an even more terrifying roar, something like Richie had never heard in his life. It didn't sound human, or even animal-like. The only thing Richie could think of it sounding was like some kind of monster.  
**"THETURTELCAN"THELPYOUTHETURTELCAN"THELPYOU  
HAHAHAHA!"**

Richie let out another cry, but it was deafened by the sound of the monsters' horrible laughter. That's when it lunged at him, as quick and viciously as it could. It was so close to him that he could smell and even feel the warm foulness of it's breath on his fucking face!

Richie didn't even think about moving, he acted on pure instincts, spinning around so fast that his glasses were whipped off his face, and with blurred vision in the darkness, he hurried back into his house and slammed the door shut as hard as he could, slipping onto the floor and face-planting roughly. He spun around onto his back, out of breath and horrified, as he forced himself to push off and crawl backwards until his back roughly clashed into the kitchen wall.

Panting harshly and shaking, Richie hugged his knees and trembled as he rested, trying to catch his breath. It was over now. That fucking clown was outside, and now that he was back in his house, he was safe, right? .. Right?

*Tap.. tap... tap...*

Richie's eyes jerked open. He was looking at the floor, with his horribly bad vision. But his eyes slowly moved upwards toward the door. No...

**TAP-TAP-TAP-TAP!**

Even with his fucked-up eyesight, Richie could make out the vague shape of the giant clown standing right outside the window, its claw-like fingers had been caught in the door frame, and were wiggling, tapping its nails on the wooden panel. When his eyes finally adjusted, he could see two bright yellow lights of its eyes, peering in at him. Its mouth was wide open, its head slightly tilted back, revealing a series of Jaws-like fangs and making an odd groaning kind of low sound from its throat. In Its other hand, it held up Richie's glasses, right up to its face... and then popped them into its gutter of a mouth and proceeded to chew them up in wicked little crunches like they were candy. Its head then jerked back down at him, and the look it was giving him was nothing short of evil. It was staring right at him now, viciously, angrily, so intimidatingly.

It hadn't caught him, and it was obviously quite upset about this. Its eyes then narrowed downward to its fingers, still stuck in the door, and they seemed to... melt? Becoming paper-thin, the fingers were then suctioned loose from the door and then held back up by its face, so that Richie could see they took a solid form again, inflating like slender balloons. It cackled terrifyingly once more, and using both hands now, it began scratching on the window. Slowly at first, but progressively becoming more and more quick and viciously.

**"Let me in, Trashmouth!"** The clown called at him. **"BEEP FUCKING BEEP, YOU FOUR-EYED, FOUL-MOUTHED LITTLE FUCKER! LET ME IN - LET ME IN - LET ME IN! YOU KNOW YOU WANT TO! WE'LL WATCH SCARY MOVIES AND HAVE A GOOD TIME TOGETHER. WE'LL DRINK YOUR DADDY'S BOOZE AND I'LL JERK YOU OFF 'TIL YOUR DICK RIPS OFF! IT'LL BE AN AWFULLY GOOD TIME TEEHEEHIEE! COME ON, LET ME IN!"** The clown ordered him, laughing some more. IT was thoroughly enjoying the fear it was inflicting on him.

"NO!" Richie screamed as he slammed his eyelids shut tight and covered up his ears as hard as he could, shaking his head back and forth and crying until he was certain the laughter of the clown had stopped. "NO NO NO NO NO! GO AWAY!"

Daring to open his eyes again, he saw that the clown had indeed vanished from the window. Shakily, Richie stood up and clutched his arms around himself, feeling a cold chill down his spine and getting goosebumps even though this summer was hot as hell.

He took baby-steps toward the door, in what would have normally taken him three seconds to get from one side of the kitchen to the other, took him almost a minute now. When he got there, he peered out the window, from left to right, from up to down... The clown was gone. It was fucking gone.

Richie reached up to grab the lock of the door, and turned the bolt sideways, insuring that it was locked good and tightly. But just as he did so, another red balloon floated right up to the window, and BURST right outside of it.

Richie jumped back again, and in the distance, he could swear he heard the echo fading out of that fucking clown's sinister laughter.

The lights flickered again until they came back on, and Richie's heart-rate slowly returned to something like a normal pace. He let out a good, long sigh and rubbed his bright red burning cheeks with still trembling hands. After taking a few minutes to calm down, he grabbed the remainder of the bottle of beer he had been sipping on earlier and surprisingly chugged the rest of it down in one big gulp, which choked him. He didn't care, he needed that.

No more scary movies for Richie, at least not for awhile. Not while he was home alone at night, that was for damn fucking sure. He stumbled through his house as he made his way back to his room, tripping over his feet several times before just shutting his eyes and making his way by memory and feel. He got to his room and opened the drawer next to his bed, taking out a pair of older spare glasses (his parents had bought three in total, due to his habit of fucking them up so often. The previous pair had been damaged during the rock war and needed to be trashed, anyway. So, no major loss.)

He put them on his face and decided to just shut his door, and locked it. Turning on his radio, Richie found a nice, relaxing song by 'The Lover Speaks' and spent the remainder of his night reading comic books, for sure intending to pull an all nighter. That was until he slowly but surely drifted off to sleep, and surprisingly, he didn't have a nightmare that night.

*No more "I love you's"  
Language is leaving me  
No more "I love you's"  
Language is leaving me exiled  
No more "I love you's"  
Changes are shifting me outside the words*

*I used to have demons  
In my room at night  
Desire, despair, desire  
So many monsters  
Oh but now ...*

*I don't catch myself  
Bouncing home whistling  
Buttonhole tunes to make me cry...*

The next morning, once he had awakened and found the courage to venture into his backyard, he took notice that the window wasn't scratched up, nor did it have a human tooth embedded in it. He actually, for a moment, believed it all had just been some kind of fucked up nightmare... Until he found the remnants of his literally chewed-up glasses in the yard. The lenses were completely gone, short of a shard or two of glass still attached to the hollowed-out frames. What freaked him out even more, is that they were smothered in blood.

Almost immediately after getting back inside, and after scarfing down a piece of cold pizza, Richie phoned Eddie again to ask what the chances were of spending the rest of the weekend at his place. Yeah, he was that desperate after last night.

*Who the fuck wouldn't be?*